

## THE DYING WIFE.

I had fancied health returning,  
That the dream of a young man  
For the first time in my life  
From the river bank my brow.

Over my form a chill is creeping  
As the willow leaf is blown  
And I almost hear the murmur  
Of the eagle's distant song.

From the same bush where they gathered  
Dewy roses and white lilies  
For my snowy bridal chapel,  
Just one year ago to-night.

They will bear the fragrant blossoms  
On my silent breast to lay  
Ere the quiet, holy dawn  
Of another Sabbath day.

Oh, my happy, joyous bride!  
Little dreamer of a life of bliss  
While we took the vows together,  
Sealed them with the marriage-rites.

When I sleep within the churchyard  
Will be your sister's bride!  
Will be your sister's bride!  
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about Smithville, and only one man of any account had ever been known to speak harshly of the notorious moonshiner. That man was Judge Eldridge. Of course, when he was on the judicial bench, it became him as the official interpreter of law and order to assist and deprecate the lawless practice of Firestone and his crew. But it was not only in public that he expressed his ill-will toward the moonshiners. After the retirement from public duties he still cherished strong hatred for Firestone and his followers, and had actually offered to pay a thousand dollars to any man or men who would secure Hank Firestone's arrest.

There were two other persons in Smithville who would interest us to know. One was a very beautiful young lady—an adopted child of Judge Eldridge—known as Miss Sadie Eldridge; the other a rising young lawyer of Smithville, John Thurber, who was known to be a very warm admirer of the aforesaid Miss Sadie.

These two young people were very well satisfied with each other, but the Judge most decidedly objected to young lawyer Thurber as a prospective husband for his adopted daughter, whom he thought, indeed, too good for the best man in Kentucky.

So when, one fine morning, John Thurber asked the Judge, in a blunt and straightforward manner, if he knew of any reasons why he, Thurber, should not marry Miss Sadie at an early date, the Judge replied with a great, big YES!

"Yes, John Thurber, there are several reasons, any one of which is sufficient in itself. First of all, you are not wealthy, neither are you famous in any way. Secondly, I have reason to believe you are a coward, and 'none but the brave deserve the fair.' Lastly, though by no means least, you have in a manner allied yourself with the moonshiners, and that fact alone would forever bar you from marrying any one, for whom I care, with my consent. No, sir; I most distinctly refuse any encouragement to you in this matter."

This reply of Judge Eldridge's needs some little explanation. What he said in regard to John Thurber's wealth and fame (or lack of both) was true enough. His remark in regard to the young lawyer's lack of bravery referred to the fact that John had refused to enlist in the Confederate army, and the Judge insisted always that he joined the North because he saw it was going to be the winning side.

It should be remembered that the events of the Civil War took place a year or two after the close of the war. Young Thurber's connections with the moonshiners were merely of a professional character. He had defended one of their number when arrested on a charge of moonshining, and he had gotten his client off scot-free. The Judge, with his old dislike for the moonshiners so often and loudly expressed, had never overlooked this glaring fault in young Thurber.

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"What for?"

"Oh, I have a fancy to see the Judge. Maybe he will arrange for me to get better quarters than one would get down at the court-house."

"I don't think he's home, but we'll see. Indeed, I would just as soon go in, if he is home."

"That's his horse," said the outlaw, "and we may as well leave it in the barn."

So the horse was led to the barn, and Thurber and his prisoner walked up to the house.

As is often the case in country houses, especially in the South, no doors were fastened, and the two men entered and walked into a little room near the entrance, which the Judge used as a library and office. Thurber was familiar with the room, and ordered his man to strike a light, which he did, awkwardly enough.

"Before you call the Judge," said Firestone, "I would like to ask you two questions. First, what are you going to do with the girl, and second, what brought you out after me to-night?"

"First, then," replied Thurber, "I am going to land you safely in jail in the care of a United States Marshal. Second, I came after you to do myself a good turn."

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John Thurber stared at his man. "Well, I don't know how in the devil you read my thoughts so well, but you're pretty nearly right."

While Thurber was speaking, Hank Firestone bent his head down within reach of the outlaw, and with a short range on account of his pinched arms. With his hands he removed his dark, long beard and his wig of jet black hair, and, as he raised himself to his full height, he revealed the gray head and smooth shaven face of Judge Eldridge!

"I have played this game successfully for twenty years, John Thurber, but you have caught me at last. I, Amos Eldridge, am also Hank Firestone, and I am now in my mountain hide-out in the mountains because of a suspicion of the fact. You played a risky game to-night, John Thurber, but you won the trick. I am in your hands, of course."

In view of the fact that John Thurber married, a few weeks later, Sadie Eldridge, and that the highly respected Judge Eldridge was present to enter into the wedding guests, it is to be presumed that the young lawyer showed some clemency to the captured Hank Firestone. It is certain that the captive remained a profound secret in the town of Smithville. To this day there are old citizens who wonder what became of the bold Hank Firestone, and there are even some who regret the sudden decline, twenty years ago, of the illicit whisky stills in the neighborhood of Smithville.

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—Hopper's Review.

## FIRST CLASS HORSES.

Simple Howard Awaits Breeders who Prove Their Worth.

Respecting horses, there is one particular, only one, in which all are agreed; they should be handsome. Large, well built, fast, and black, bay, white or mixed, they will suit somebody if symmetrical. This points a moral; appreciation of beauty is a divinely appointed faculty; not to respect and cultivate it is to ignore an essential part of the land of our fustian and staid and developing spirituality and refinement. A beautiful horse is a constant gratification to its owner; it is kindly cared for; friendly relations are established; the noble beast repays every kindness with faithful service—it is very hard for owners not to be attached to their horses. Horses, like men, are sometimes rather unlovely; better breeding and just the right training will make them beautiful. Unfortunately, fifteen horses out of twenty fall below a proper standard; they are noticeably defective in their makeup—head and heels too large; muscles, mane and tail too small; bones too high; neck and head too long; and, in many cases, all these faults combined.



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"Ah, Mr. Firestone, you are a horse man as well as a moonshiner! It is strange to me if that is not Judge Eldridge's horse."

The captured man now spoke for the first time. "Idiot!" he said, "do you know what risk you are incurring in coming here? You are right, Amos Hank Firestone, and you can take me a hundred steps, hardly, before my friends will see us. And if they do your life will be snuffed out in as quick time as it takes to cock and pull a trigger. Go, fool, while you have a chance, and don't tamper with Hank Firestone!"

"Ah," replied John, coolly enough, you seem to forget, Mr. Firestone, that just now I hold the trump cards in this game. I know these roads pretty well, and I think we can get to Smithville in about three hours without meeting any of your friends. It is just ten miles to town, and we will walk and ride, turn about. You have just been riding, so I will take a rest, and you can lead the horse. Get up and go ahead. I will be the guide and instruct you which way to turn."

Slowly enough, Firestone arose and did as he was told, while Thurber, pistol in hand, mounted the horse. This was a queer procession, but Thurber decidedly had the most of the fun. After while they changed off; John walked, but he took care to have his man well covered, and as he told him, he would have shot him instantly if he had attempted to ride the horse faster than a walk. All the way to Smithville the captured outlaw spoke never a word.

It was midnight when they reached town, and on their way up the deserted street they passed Judge Eldridge's house.

"Have you any objection to stopping here?" asked the moonshiner.

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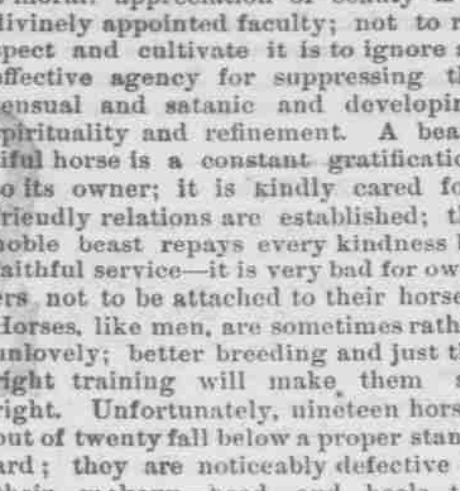
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are now little better than deserts. Now this mischief been confined to Ethiopia. The vegetable wealth of South Africa, when it first became known to Europeans, was remarkable.

The Cape was the source of numbers of our finest horses, and the Cape now vast tracts have been rendered desolate that a troop of the Colonial cavalry on the march actually gave three cheers at the sight of a tree.

When the Cape was first discovered, it was a land of forests, many regions have been lost, first their vegetation and then their soil, in consequence of tree felling. It may, perhaps, here be objected that, fully admitting all these unfavorable changes, they may be made good by the introduction of unknown causes, and would have occurred all the same if the woodlands had not been interfered with. This plea can easily be refuted. In many of the countries where tree felling has been undertaken on a large scale by individuals, by communities and by Governments, and with the most decisive results.

Wherever such attempts have been made the climate becomes less equable, the rainfall more uniformly distributed and public health is improved. Such beneficial changes have been distinctly recognized in North-western India, where fertility is gradually returning to the deserts. In France, where the forests have been largely cut down, the climate is becoming more equable, and the soil is becoming more fertile.

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